

500 LEETERS TO "TOOTSEY;" NOW SHE SUES FOR \$25,000.

PAID AGAIN
OF NO AVAL.



Mrs. Blanch Wilma Kadowsky Sues Wealthy James Batchelar for Damages for Alleged Breach of Promise After Throwing Stones at the Windows of His House.

If any one doubts that "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned," a call on Mrs. Blanch Wilma Kadowsky at No. 41 West Sixty-fourth street may convince him.

She is suing wealthy James Batchelar, of No. 223 Summit avenue, Jersey City, for \$25,000 for breach of promise and on Monday night she stoned the windows of the house where James has installed a bride.

It began on Oct. 20, 1900, when she read this advertisement:

PERSONAL—A widower of social and business standing, with \$10,000, wishes to correspond with lady of means, object matrimony, no agency. Address: Sincerely, J. B. 412.

"I saw that personal in the paper," she said today. "I don't know why it interested me. True, my husband is a sick man, but I—well, I answered, asking him what were his intentions and expectations."

"He explained, saying my letter interested him more than any other and that he was looking for a wife or a housekeeper."

"I replied to this that I would not suit him because I can't marry and I wouldn't be a housekeeper for any man. I told him I had a husband who was sick and that he gave me the privilege, if I found a decent, respectable, honest man, if he liked me and I liked him, to have him for my friend, for if my friend is good to me while he lives, my husband, he will be better after he is gone."

And Then He Called
"To that he said I could allow him to call on me, saying my letter was entirely different from any of the others he had received. We exchanged a few letters—one every day—and then he called."

"He called several times. He was gentlemanly, not impertinent, but nice. He said, after a few calls, it would be better if I introduced him to my husband. Well, I said to myself, 'he is a nice, respectable old gentleman,' so I introduced him."

"That was Jim Batchelar. He and Kadowsky were great friends for a long time."

"My husband knew all about it, and making and drank a toast to the marriage of today in the punch that his hosts provided."

Prepared for Double Crime.
He said nothing to his wife of the revolver which he carried in his pocket, bought two days before, nor of the bottle of carbolic acid that sat on the washstand at home—part of it poured out ready for the taking. He had been brooding over his imagined wrongs as Christmas came nearer and he had prepared death for the worst.

Twice he left the Jefferson avenue house last night to find his wife's back book, which she had told her he had looked for in vain during the day. She told him that it was in the bureau drawer, but each time he came back he said he could not find it. But every time he went to find it, he looked at the acid on the washstand and pulled the pistol from his pocket and examined the evil bullets that nestled in the chambers.

It was after midnight when husband and wife left the place. First left the wife, for he had renewed his insults and she walked alone. He came behind, fibing at her.

They entered their home and went to the kitchen in the basement. Before she could take her hat off he began again. She was sick of it all. She thought that if he crashed into her brain all of those words which she had heard against her with this horrible suspicion in her mind, she would be able to defend him and told him to do what ever he would, but to leave her alone in peace.

Killed in Her Impugnance.
Then the brute rose up in Bell and poured over her. He pulled his pistol from his pocket and leveled it at his wife's head. With a scream she sprang at him, realizing that he meant to kill her for an unconquered crime.

Seizing his right arm she raised it with the strength of desperation and said it above his head. One, two, three, four times the weapon was discharged as they swayed back and forth in the room, and each bull went into the evil. There was but one more bullet in the revolver and if her strength could last she might have killed him in her condition, she was too weak.

The man was too much for her. Slowly he pulled the weapon down to the level of her head and then he fired that fatal bullet. It crashed into her brain through her left eye and she fell limp and lifeless on the floor, dead with her unborn child the cause of her death.

The light began to filter into the room of the murderer. He looked at



Mrs. Wilma B. Kadowsky.

that's why they can't slander me as an unfaithful wife. He lived in the same house, but in a separate room.

"Well, for four years Batchelar came over from Jersey City every night, rain or shine or snow, and I've got 500 love letters from him. They are terrible. He called me Blanche at first, then 'Tootsey'."

His Darling "Tootsey."
"He was always nagging me to get a divorce from Paul. He nagged Paul, too. He would write: 'My darling Tootsey, you are the most concentrated darling I ever knew. Why don't you throw Kadowsky out in the street? I have waited so long I can't wait any longer for your divorce.'"

"I owned my own house at No. 1074 Park avenue. I put a second mortgage on it to get money to buy furniture and new things for Jim and me to go keeping house in style."

"Last May I got an absolute divorce from Paul Kadowsky from Justice Gigerich. He was my third husband, and he begged of me not to throw him out. He wanted me to turn Jim away."

"He said: 'I have a good insurance, and I shall not live much longer. Wait, and if you find a man you can love better you can have him and he happy.'"

"I was May 6 that Batchelar was here to dinner and to a lock supper. When he threw down his overcoat he dropped a letter from another woman. She lived in Lyons, N. Y. I found it. My eyes were opened. I went over to Jersey City to see him about it. He laughed at me, and then I had twenty-five copies of the letter made and sent them to all his friends."

"He said: 'I don't throw a man I loved into the street, sick and with out a cent, and I gave Kadowsky \$1,500.'"

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Court Discharges Eugene Sullivan and Thirteen Others in Jersey City.

FOR LACK OF EVIDENCE.

Foreman Peterson, of the Hudson County Grand Jury, Begins Poolroom Crusade.

Another in the series of raids that the authorities in Hudson County have been making for months on the saloons of Eugene Sullivan, at No. 189 Pavonia avenue, Jersey City, in an attempt to have him convicted on the charge of running a pool-room was made last night by the police. In vain with the same success that all the other raids have had, the thirteen other prisoners taken being discharged in court today for lack of evidence.

The war that has been waged against Sullivan's place has long been a matter of much interest throughout Hudson County. Rumor has it that since the days of the old Guttenberg track Sullivan has been openly conducting a pool-room in his Pavonia avenue saloon. When reformers have closed things up in New York temporarily, it is reported that his business was immense.

Time and again raids have been made and the case against Sullivan has promptly fallen to pieces in court, the prosecution finding it impossible to obtain evidence enough to warrant the prisoners being held.

Grand Jury Work.
George Peterson, manager of the United States Express Company in Jersey City and foreman of the Hudson County Grand Jury, was responsible for last night's raid.

As soon as he was sworn in as foreman, Mr. Peterson started action against Sullivan. Three previous Grand Juries refused to take action against the alleged saloon-keeper, and two of them were discharged after being secured by Judges Blair and Collins in the Court of General Sessions for their failure.

When Peterson brought the case of Sullivan up before the present Grand Jury last Friday there was a hot argument. After a wrangle the vote to decide whether action would be taken resulted in a tie. Eleven members wanted to proceed against Sullivan. An equal number did not. There was one member absent.

So the bill was returned against the alleged saloon-keeper, Frederick O'Keary, a representative, went to Sullivan yesterday afternoon. He says he placed a bet of \$2 on a horse and was won. Captain Ament quickly.

After he had reported to Peterson the letter he had before Capt. Keely, the Captain and a dozen men went to Sullivan's place. They arrested the proprietor and the thirteen men whom they found loitering about the barroom. He had placed \$2 on a table and called out the name of the horse he wished to bet on. He did not know that his horse had won until after standing at the bar.

Barkeeper pointed to \$15 lying on the bar and told O'Keary it was his. When Justice McCormick heard this, he said: 'I don't see how you can have evidence to show that Sullivan was running a pool-room and discharged all the prisoners. He had no money to bet on. He did not know that his horse had won until after standing at the bar.'

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WOMAN SANTA CLAUS BURNS AT HOSPITAL XMAS TREE.

Becomes a PHlar of Flame as Terrified Children at the Laura Franklin Hospital Look On and Dies This Morning.



Nurse Sammons' Robe Ignites from a Candle as She Is Taking Down a Present for One of the Little Ones.

Fifty children in the Laura Franklin Free Hospital laughed and chattered with joy last night while Nurse Madeline Sammons, dressed as Santa Claus, plucked from a great tree gifts for all and distributed them.

Then suddenly they saw their magnificent Santa Claus a pillar of flame burning up before their eyes.

And today it was whispered through the hospital that Miss Sammons was dead—had died at 4 o'clock this morning from shock and from the flames inhaled.

Nurse Sammons had conceived the idea of giving the poor little tots in the hospital as merry a Christmas as was possible.

A great tree was purchased. It was laden with the glittering, tinsel, gold and silver baubles, great cornucopias bursting with candy, little and big dolls and many other things.

Hundreds of candles twinkled through the green branches and little patches of cotton sprinkled about liberally looked like real snow.

For days Miss Sammons had been telling the children of the expected visit of Santa Claus.

"Happy Christmas,"

"Tonight is going to be one of the happiest Christmas nights I have ever known," she said to herself only yesterday morning.

The big tree was perhaps in the little

Because he wore a new kind of suspenders, Daniel Hanly, Sullivan County, N. Y., says he was robbed a week ago Monday of \$2 in bills, with which he expected to see the rights of the city.

The suspenders were of the sinuous, lumber kind, which are sometimes difficult to adjust on account of the devices to make them easy on the wearer.

Hanly was stopping at the West Shore Hotel, Eleven avenue and Forty-second street. He engaged in conversation with several men in the barroom on the evening of his arrival in the city, and confided to them that he wished to see the Tenderloin. He said in the West Side Gate Annex.

With one of these chance acquaintances he went to the Tenderloin, he said. In a resort at the corner of Sixth avenue and Thirty-fifth street, one of the rear window holes of his suspenders he got of the button, and flew out of reach. He tried to rebuke the suspender, but he was unable to do so.

Then, according to his story, his new-made acquaintance offered him assistance. While fixing the suspender on one hand, Hanly says he guided the other hand from his hip pocket. Soon after his friend disappeared, and he was left alone.

A complaint at the West Forty-seventh street police station.

Detective Dale was assigned to the case, and on Tuesday arrested Dennis O'Connell, thirty years old, in front of the West Side Hotel. O'Connell gave his occupation as that of peddler.

In the West Side Hotel Hanly said he believed the prisoner was the man who had acted as his guide, in order to bring away O'Connell's lost \$2. He believed the case was a robbery.

Magistrate Zeller, the prisoner being held in \$500 bond.

NEWARK, N. J., Dec. 25.—Edward Duffy, the engineer in charge of the Bridge street, Newark, New Jersey, and Harrison, better known as the turnpike bridge, was found dead at his elevation, twenty-five feet above the roadway, and as Duffy's neck was broken it is supposed he fell from the bridge.

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GIRL TURNS ON THE GAS.

Minnie Schultz Attempts Suicide in the Arston Hotel.

MAY DIE IN HOSPITAL.

Had Been Employed in the St. James Apartment-House Since Last October.

Minnie Schultz, a handsome young woman of refinement apparently and well dressed, is in Harlem Hospital, charged with attempted suicide. She was found this morning in the Arston Hotel, at One Hundred and Sixth street and Third avenue with one end of a rubber tube in her mouth. The other end was attached to a gas heater in the room.

The young woman went into the hotel at 9 o'clock last night. She was very much agitated in speech and manner. The clerk hesitated about giving her a room, but she insisted for her nervousness of saying she was a stranger in the city. The clerk then assigned her to a room on the first floor. She registered as "Minnie Schultz, city."

At 6:30 o'clock the bartender, who roomed next to her, smelled gas. He informed the proprietor, Philip Schmidt, who called Policeman Webster. The policeman broke down the door of the woman's room, found her still alive, tried artificial respiration, and soon had her restored to consciousness.

Then he summoned an ambulance. On the way to Harlem Hospital the young woman collapsed again, and the physicians are non-committal as to her chances of recovery.

It was learned that the girl had been employed at the St. James apartment-house, No. 111 West Forty-fifth street. There an Evening World reporter was told she was a storewoman. She had worked there since October last. Little was known of her there and no one could give any reason for her attempted suicide.

CHRISTMAS IN SING SING.

Theatrical Performance, Feasting and No Work at All.

OSWING, N. Y., Dec. 25.—Warden Johnson celebrated Christmas Day in Sing Sing prison with an entertainment this forenoon in the new chapel of the prison, performers from Manhattan having been secured for the purpose. All the prisoners were permitted to be present, and they seemed greatly to enjoy the show.

This was a Warden Bisset's first Christmas in prison. He appeared to take as much interest in the entertainment as any one.

The ordinary bill of fare was discarded today and the prisoners were treated to various good things by the Warden. Many of them received boxes from relatives and friends. Each prisoner got a present of three cigars from Warden Johnson.

There was no work done today in the prison, and after the entertainment the inmates passed the time as best they could in their cells.

MISS REGAN IS INSANE.

She Is Removed to the Manhattan State Hospital.

Miss Florence Regan, twenty-six years old, the handsome young woman who suddenly went insane while visiting her friend, Mrs. Willis, at No. 7 West Ninety-seventh street, Dec. 18, was formally declared insane at Bellevue Hospital today. She was removed to the Manhattan State Hospital.

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Sovereign
Absolutely Pure
THE BEST
5c. CIGARETTE
EVER PRODUCED.
Manufactured solely by the
UNIVERSAL TOBACCO CO.

My Lady's
Diamonds
A Story of
Love, Jewels
and Theft,
BY
ADELIN SERGEANT.
NOW APPEARING
IN SERIAL FORM
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EVENING
WORLD.